

### PLEASE DON'T LET 'EM DO IT.

I am very much excited. I am exceedingly scared. I am terribly nervous. I am awfully upset.

'Cause why?

Well, I have just seen it stated in a news dispatch from Tallimassimaroo that a band of heartless astronomers are hatching a dark plot to get us all into more trouble. And I have got to sound a note of warning, and sound it just as loud as I can, before this thing goes a bit further.

It seems that the professors at some of the big astronomical hang-outs have learned everything that they can possibly learn about the celestial machinery from their present viewpoint. They have studied the universe and skimmed the Milky Way with their vulgar telescopic eyes until they have seemingly conquered all the mysteries that are in sight from the present location. And so they now propose to take a crowbar and pry the earth loose from its orbit and send it whirling and spinning off through unfrequented ways for the sole purpose of poking their inquisitive noses into the hidden wonders of unseen and unseeable worlds.

Do you catch on to the terrible nature of the scheme? Do you see the awful consequences that might flow from the execution of such a plot? Those of us who have studied astronomy through a tin dipper handle are aware that if the earth should be made to leave its regular orbit even the fraction of an inch it would result in terrible disasters. Once off the track, there is no telling where the earth might wander off to. It would be more than apt to collide with some neighboring world against which we have not the slightest ill-feeling, and which it would be the height of ill manners for us to butt into.

And aside from the question of etiquette, the force of the collision would be mighty apt to jar the gold fillings out of our teeth and do other minor damage, all of which can be avoided by letting the earth remain seated astraddle of its present orbit.

It seems to me that our great astronomers already know just about as much as their heads can hold, and what we need right now is some way of finding out if there is any truth in what they know. Anyway, we might learn more than we contracted for if we should pull up stakes and go roaming around through the uncharted universe in search of new worlds to conquer. In an unguarded moment we might knock the precious jewels out of Miss Saturn's ring. Or if we failed to do that, we might stagger up against Uncle Jupiter and make him think the devil was after him with a beanshooter.

In short, there are just oodles of things that might happen, any one of which would make us wish we had stayed

nearer home and been content to breathe our own little corner of wind. In such far-off rambles we might come to some well-ordered community where Democrats, Republicans, Japanese and niggers would not be admitted. Then everybody would be mad, and somebody would start a rough house, and we might all get killed.

When these astronomer fellows first mentioned their black plot against the safety of the world, it was regarded as a joke. Later, however, it was discovered that it was all based upon fact, and that the story was given out early so that we might all get ready for the big event.

My private opinion is that any set of men who are mean enough to move this earth in any such a careless manner as that ought to be put up and lynched at public auction. It seems that other governments have been rather slow about taking action on this matter, and I therefore urge the United States to look after it at once. There should be an "investigation" ordered right away, and a committee appointed to see that no cranky astronomer is allowed to get hold of tools with which he could pry the earth loose from its orbit. This business of moving the earth is a big thing, and we are all interested in it. Please don't let 'em do it.

### PROXGIVING THANK-LAMATION

Well, feller citizens, according to the government's medical Almanac we are getting around again to the time of year when it is cuss-to-Mary for us, as a people, to open the flood-gates of our lying and hypocritical souls and pretend that we are so blamed good that sugar won't melt in our mouths.

After giving 364 days of the year to the service of the devil, we imagine it will satisfy God for us to come sneaking around and give Him a few minutes of empty lip-service once a year. We all know that's what it amounts to, and we just well be honest once in our lives.

Now, therefore, I, Warranted-to-Give-us-Hardtimes, President of the Benited States of Plutocracy, do make and publish the following Proxgiving Thank-lamation:

All people of these Benited States are hereby notified that they are absolutely satisfied and happy—that they have got everything their hearts could crave, and that they couldn't possibly be any happier in heaven. In fact, I am expecting every day to get a message from heaven saying that God and the angels want to come down here and live with us, since we have got so much nicer and happier place than they have.

The public is further notified that the cause of all these great blessings can be traced to my election as president. I have transformed this country from a howling wilderness of Demo-

cratic ruin to a perfect paradise of Republican prosperity. We ought to be thankful that we have had no hard times since I have been in. We ought to be thankful that we have no strikes and labor troubles. What you heard about a coal strike and rail strike was just a pack of Democratic lies. The coal diggers never quit work at all. What would any coal digger want to strike for in such a paradise as this, when he had more money and other luxuries than he knew what to do with? We ought to be thankful that right now every family has got so much coal stored up that they are in danger of being too warm this winter. And, more than that, the mine owners are just giving it to the people and begging them to come and take it out of the way.

In like manner, the railroads have quit charging for their services. They now haul freight and passengers for nothing, and often pay the public for a chance to serve them.

Acting upon my advice, the clothing merchants have quit charging for clothes; the grocery store would take it as an insult if you offered to pay your grocery bill; the automobile companies are just giving away cars, and Johndee Rocky is pleading with tears in his eyes for people to come and get gas without money and without price.

I have had a law passed that rubber tires shall not wear out, and there is nothing to do now except just ride and enjoy yourself. You only need to stop just long enough to eat and sleep a little. It is your official duty to be thankful for all these blessings.

Of course the soldier boys are thankful for their bonus, and of course they appreciated my help in getting it for them. As each war-veteran goes around spending his millions he cannot fail to remember what a hard time I had in forcing Congress to pass the bonus bill. For some reason Congress didn't want the boys to have all that money, and so it was due entirely to my patriotic efforts that they finally got it. Hurrah for me and myself!

It is rather hard to find anything in the recent election to be thankful for. But we can at least be thankful that We Republicans have got a few patches of hide left. We are thankful for Lodge, and for Fess, and for a few more of the good old standpatters. We are also thankful that the Democratic landslide wasn't quite as bad as it might have been. We are thankful that the public's memory is short, and maybe it will forget about this and vote for us again in 1924. Amen.

The financial optimists are always telling us that business is on the up-grade. Doggon it, I guess that's right, and it must be an awful steep grade, too, judging by the slow progress business is making.

### "SPIRIT RADIO."

Honest to goodness, fellers, it is getting so that I can hardly work for laughing. Every little while I just have to stop my work and rear back and haw-haw. The fool capers of the fool Smart Elicks in this modern world are just too rich for anything.

Haw-haw-haw!

I see that the Spiritists are taking up radio, and say they are going to get radio messages from the spirit world. In other words, they are going to put up a broadcasting station over on the other side of the river Styx, and the "souls" of dead people going to talk back to us. All we will have to do in order to hear from the "land of the dead" will be to turn a little knob and "tune in".

Haw-haw-haw!

That's very funny to me.

Suppose we got a message from Adam declaring that he did not eat that apple, then what? How in the world are we going to know whether it is really Adam's voice or some lying hypocrite trying to impersonate Adam? We will have to have some proof as to where the messages come from before we can swallow them. Ain't that a fact? Old Satan might have a broadcasting station rigged up in one corner of hell, and there's no telling what sort of bogus messages he might send out.

Haw-haw again.

But seriously, now:

If the "souls" of dead people were still alive over in the spirit world, I wouldn't dare to say that it was impossible for them to send messages back to this world. In fact, if you are going to believe that the dead are not dead, you just as well believe anything else the spirit mediums tell you. For that is the biggest lie they can possibly tell, and if it can go down your gizzard you have no right to gag at anything else.

### "BLUETS AND BUTTERCUPS"

A Little Book of Verses by Cora Wallace Pearson.

This little book of poems was written by the wife of James Larkin Pearson, editor of the The Fool-Killer. The book contains about 20 poems, a few written in the author's girlhood days, but most of them in later life. It is neatly printed, and has a picture of the author. I will send you one postpaid for 25 cents, and I will also throw in for good measure another little book entitled "An Autobiographical Sketch of James Larkin Pearson," giving a complete history of The Fool-Killer and its editor. This history booklet will be of special interest to all you folks who enjoy reading the paper. Both booklets together for 25 cents. Order today—right now. Address:

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